

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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WHOLE NO. 911.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.
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Selections.

SPEECH OF ABBY KELLEY FOSTER,
at the Danbury Convention, Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 28, 1857.

Reported for the Anti-Slavery Society.

Two audience this morning are mostly Abolitionists

and I wish to speak of the exigencies and responsi-

bilities of the present hour. First, as to the postures

of the Convention. We have come to this city to

act. I regard that posture as a wise one. I do not

think that those who have served as the cause of Wendell Phillips

have done so but should be here; yet we

should also persevere to be distinguished from prompt and

active work in the absence of one or two individuals who have done a great deal of work for us.

Mr. Phillips, which is again brought up by me today. A Woman's Anti-Slavery Convention had been

held, however, that he could not do all we were

desirous of; and discarded; for we thought we could

not afford him time to go to the Convention without him. But it was to a late

stage of the Convention that he was held, and proved to be

useful to Miss Weston Phillips, in making it

so late; and I die and the cause of reform will not

be so well off. In the present of

greatest difficulty, we must be in dire

straits of truth, and not in indifference.

But the absence of one individual should not

make us give up our cause.

If we find this, then our work would

be lost.

The Abolitionists have long spoken of man-workship

condemned it. We have found fault with their

conduct, and with their principles, and do

not like to be told that we have

done our duty.

It is a fact that every individual should feel that he

is alone, is responsible for his own thoughts

and actions.

Let all try to be taught by the lesson which

occurred to me, what we can do for ourselves.

If we are prepared to do our duty, then will our cause move forward.

If I could but impress this great necessity upon

myself, I would never suffer from

ignorance, and we should succeed. For in a

like case, one who can do for himself, and do

not like to be told that he has done his duty,

will be in a position to do nothing.

If those who stand foremost in our ranks

removed from us—*If The Liberator* was but

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The movements of Walker were no doubt fully known to the U. S. authorities, who interposed no serious obstacle to his departure. It is pretended in certain quarters that the President is very indignant on account of their neglect of duty, but we believe that it is a sham, and that he and the members of his Cabinet were all in direct conformance with the filibuster here.

BREVITIES.

The (Richmond) *South* is very indignant in view of the fact that the people of Western Virginia are disposed to encourage and aid all efforts of colonization. It evidently deplores, however, of defeating his plans.

The Grand River (Ohio) Congregational Association has adopted a series of resolutions in relation to the American Tract Society, concluding as follows:

"That until the Society can no longer be of service to the cause of the Disciples, we shall reluctantly condemn slaveholding, with a view to its extirpation from the Church, were the main subjects of discussion. Resolutions have been reported by the Business Committee expressing a determination not to attend the next General Conference at Lynchburg, on the ground that entire freedom of discussion on the subject of slavery will not be allowed there. These, together with resolutions relative to the Missionary and Educational enterprises of the Church, are undergoing a spirit discussion.

An Address, signed by eminent orthodox clergymen and laymen of the United States, was forwarded to the Evangelical Alliance, which lately assembled at Berlin, Prussia.

The Rev. Samuel Hanox Cox, D.D. (we must not fail to give him and his title "fathers" in full),

speaking at the meeting, said: "I illustrated the point that we were acquainted with Mr. Burleigh's quality,

as always, here, as well as elsewhere, found it safe

though they were sound in their opinions, which

was in his superiority. His unrivaled logic is

so clear, so forcible, so accurate and accurate to those

and those masterly generalizations in which

so much weight is given to them, that we are

surely safe in pronouncing him a great orator,

but argumentative and the accuracy of his

logic is proverbial."

Our only source of regret is that he cannot

longer among us.

And permit me to make a statement which I hope

is interesting to all my readers who are not already

acquainted with the fact, viz.: That Mr. Burleigh, who is ready to deliver some four lectures

on various topics, not exclusively anti-slavery,

but also on other topics, will be present at the

annual meeting of the Evangelical Alliance in New

England, in October, and will speak on the

subject of "The Slave and the Slaveholder."

He is in a condition of indefinable distinction,

not long since, Comstock, a statesman of eminence, was

elected President, and for a time there seemed to be a

spirit of peace and security for the people. But the

spirit of revolution has again broken out, and Comstock, with the consent of Congress, has assumed the powers of a Dictator and proclaimed martial law. How long he

may be able to sustain himself is wholly uncertain.

The country appears to have become a prey to faction and strife. Meanwhile, the American Slave Power is watching for an opportunity to profit by this confusion in the addition of another slice of Mexican territory to the

territory of the South. The title of

"Growth and Discipline," God's Daily Talk with

I cannot forbear the expression of my regret that

this title, on which Mr. Burleigh has, for a long

time, been laboring, has not yet been realized.

What should be done? Of one of them I can speak

with confidence, and that is to speak up for

abolition. It seems fairly that while men of

and fortitude are employed by every

powerful enemy of the South, the

whole world should be allowed to lie in his portfolio inclosed.

The eloquence of a demand for it is mutual

concern to both the parties concerned.

—

EDITOR FROM JESOPH A. HOWLAND.

Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

Marion, Geauga County, Ohio, I fell into the hands

of the Bishop of the Episcopal Church, who

had been a member of the same, and he had

affectionately recommended to the members of our

church to have fellowship therewith, but to regard the

people injuriously. "Have no fellowship with the

works of darkness."

At the twy-second Annual Meeting of Geauga Bap-

tist Convention, comprising ten churches, held Sept. 17, 1856, the following note-worthy resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we abstain from the use of all inci-

minating devices as a weapon, and that we disapprove

manufacture and sale of the same, and that we do no

more than those who do with those who do

Resolved, That we disapprove of all secret organiza-

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THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

From "Last Two of Two Dix APPRENTICES," Mr. Goodchild, "said Doctor Specie, in a low voice, and with his former troubled expression of face, "I have seen that your attention has been concentrated on my friend."

"It grieves me. I must apologize to you, but he quite bewildered and mastered me."

"I find that I lonely existence and a long secret," said the Doctor, drawing his chair a little nearer to Mr. Goodchild, "became in the course of time very heavy. I will tell you now, in the course of time, how it was, and of its under fictitious names. I know I may trust you. I am the more inclined to confidence to-night through having been inexperienced led back, by the current of our conversation, to the Ion, to scenes in my early life. Will you please to direct my little story?"

Mr. Goodchild drew a little nearer, and the Doctor went on thus: speaking, for the most part, in so cautious a voice that the wind, though it was far from high, occasionally got the better of him.

What he had told of his past history was, that by a good many years than it is now, a certain friend of mine, named Arthur Holliday, happened to arrive in town of Duncaster, exactly in the middle of the race week, in the winter, in the middle of the month of September. He was one of those reckless, open-hearted, and open-mouthed young gentlemen, who possess the gift of familiarity in its highest perfection, and who scruples carelessly along the way of their making friends, as the phrase is, without scruples. He had been a student at the university, and had honed properly enough in one of the midland counties to make all the horns square in his neighbourhood thoroughly envious of him.

Arthur, the only son, possessed, at that time of his death, well supplied with money, and not too rigidly looked after, during his father's lifetime. Report, or scandal, whichever you please, said that the old gentleman had been rather wild in his youthful days, and that, unless most parents, he was not disposed to be very strict with him. Duncaster they were ready enough to give him; but as for a bed, they laughed when he mentioned it.

"Come here," he whispered, under his breath—"come here, and let us talk." This was not a salutation, he is dead!"

"I can have found that out since I thought you would," said the landlord, composedly. "Yes, he's dead, son enough. He died at five o'clock to-day."

"How did he die? Who is he?" said Arthur, staggered, for the moment, by the audacious coolness of the man.

"As to who he is?" rejoined the landlord. "I know no more about him than you do. These are his books and letters and things, all sealed up in that brown paper packet, which I have just now unsealed. He died, I suppose, friendly for an old man, and again, I suppose, the man of the most notorious life, and, turned round suddenly on the landlord, with his own cheeks pale for the moment as the hollow cheeks of the man on the bed.

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"He died, he is dead," said Arthur, with a shudder, and was as quiet and as respectable a gentleman as ever I met with."

Well, one September, as I told you, young Arthur comes to Duncaster, having decided all of a sudden, in his half-brained way, that he would go to the races. He did not reach the town till near the close of the day, and he was, as you may suppose, on the point of getting a bed, and the principal hotel. Duncaster they were ready enough to give him; but as for a bed, they laughed when he mentioned it.

The race week, as I told you, is an uncommon thing for visitors; they have not been accustomed to it, and the town is in a bustle. As for the lower sort of strangers, I myself have often seen them, at that full time, sleeping out on the doorsteps for want of a covered place to sleep under. Rich as he was, Arthur's chance of getting a night's lodgings (seeing that he was not a well-known name) was small indeed.

He tried the first hotel, and the third hotel, and was in every case, in the winter, with the wind getting cold, the clouds were gathering heavily, and there was every prospect that it was soon going to rain.

The look of the night and the lowering effect on young Holliday's spirits. He began to contemplate the house in which he was placed, from the serious rather than the humorous point of view; and he looked about him for another public house to inquire at, with something very doubtful expression in his mind on the subject. He was in the middle of the town, of the town of Duncaster, which he had now stayed was hardly lighted at all, and he could see nothing of the houses as he passed them, except that they grew progressively darker, and the further west he went, the dimmer the windows, the darker the glass, the dimmer the lamp of oil, the candle, the faint, lonely light that struggled ineffectually with the foggy darkness all round him. He resolved to go as far as this lamp, and then, if it showed him nothing in the shape of an inn, to return to the central part of the town, and to try if he could not at least secure a chaise to sit down on, through the night, at one of the principal hotels.

As he got near the lamp, he heard voices; and, walking closer, found that the lighted window was the window of a room in which was painted a large lamp, in faded flesh-colour, pointing with its beam to the inscription: 'The Two Robins.'

And there turned out a complete beatification, to see that The Two Robins would do for him. Four or five men were standing together round the door of the house, which was at the bottom of the court, facing the entrance from the street. The men were all listening to one other, neither dressing nor the rest, who was telling his tale, and in a tone of voice, in which they were apparently very much interested.

On entering the passage, Arthur was passed by a stranger with a knapsack in his back, who was evidently leaving the house.

"No, sir," the traveller with the knapsack, and addressing himself cheerfully to a fat, sly-looking, bald-headed man, with a dirty white apron, on whom he followed down the passage. "No, Mr. Landlord, I am not easily scared by trifles, but I don't mind your asking."

He turned to young Holliday, the moment he heard these words, that the stranger had been asked an exorbitant price for a bed at The Two Robins; and that he was unable to give it to him. The moment his head was turned, Arthur, who had been standing with his well-filled pockets, addressed himself in a great hurry, for fear any other haled traveller should slip in and forestall him, to the sly-looking landlord with the dirty apron, and the bald head.

"If you have got a bed to let," he said, "and if that goddamned fellow just gone out won't pay you your price?"

The sly landlord looked hard at Arthur. "Will you, sir?" said, in a meditative, doubtful way.

"Name your price," said young Holliday, thinking that the landlord's breastplate sprang from some horrid distrust of him. "Name your price, and I'll give you the money at once, if you like."

"Are you game for five shillings?" inquired the landlord, with a double chin, and looking up thoughtfully at the ceiling above him.

Arthur nearly laughed in the man's face; and, thinking it prudent to control himself, offered the five shillings as sumptuous as he could. "The sly landlord held out his hand, and drew his fingers through it.

"You're acting all fair and above-board by me," he said; "but I take your money, I'll do the same by you. Look here, this is the way it stands. You can have a bed at The Two Robins, but you must pay him what you have got in the bag."

He turned to young Holliday, the moment he heard these words, that the stranger had been asked an exorbitant price for a bed at The Two Robins; and that he was unable to give it to him.

"Of course I do," returned Arthur, a little irritably. "You mean that it is a double-headed bed, and that one of the heads is bald?"

The landlord seized his head and rubbed his double chin harder than ever. Arthur hesitated, and mechanically moved back a step or two toward the door. The idea of sleeping in the same room with a total stranger did not present an attractive prospect. He had not even the courage to drop his five shillings into his pocket, and to go out into the street once more.

"Is it yes or no?" asked the landlord. "Settle it as quick as you can, because there's lots of people waiting outside to get in."

"I know you're a gentleman! I mean, is he a quiet, well-behaved person?"

"The quietest man I ever saw comes across," said the landlord, leaning over the counter, and bending the head with the stranger, whoever he might be. "I'll take the bed, but I'll open a door, fronting the landing, and turn round to Arthur."

"It's a fair bargain, mind, on both sides as well as on yours," said Arthur. "Give me five shillings; I give you in return a clean, comfortable bed; and I warrant, be thou that you won't be interred with, or annoyed

in any way, by the man who sleeps in the same room with you." Saying these words, he looked hard, for a moment, in young Holliday's face, and then led the way to the room.

It was larger and clearer than Arthur had expected it to be, and was filled with a sort of silent, sweet interval between them.

There were both of the same medium size, and both had the same white plain curtains, made to draw, if necessary, all round them. The bed was the best he had seen, this, the window curtains were all drawn, and the window itself was half fastened from the window. Arthur saw the feet of the sleeping man raising the curtains, closed into a compact little emprise, as if he had been born to it. He lay in bed, and, with a sudden effort, soothed to draw the curtain back half way, and listened for a moment—then turned to the landlord.

"He's a quiet sleeper," said Arthur.

"Yes, he is," said Arthur, quietly.

"How come he is?" asked Arthur.

Young Holliday advanced with the candle and looked at the man cautiously.

"Yes," returned the landlord, a pale enough, but not very pale, face.

Arthur looked at the man. The bed-bellies were

deserving no sort of impression from what he was reading. It was as if shadow from the curtained bed had got between his mind and the grayly printed letters—a shadow that nothing could dispel. At last he gave up the struggle, and lay softly up and down the room again.

The dead man, the dead man, the hidden dead man had the same white plain curtains, made to draw, if necessary, all round them. The bed was the best he had seen, this, the window curtains were all drawn, and the window itself was half fastened from the window. Arthur saw the feet of the sleeping man raising the curtains, closed into a compact little emprise, as if he had been born to it. He lay in bed, and, with a sudden effort, soothed to draw the curtain back half way, and listened for a moment—then turned to the landlord.

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